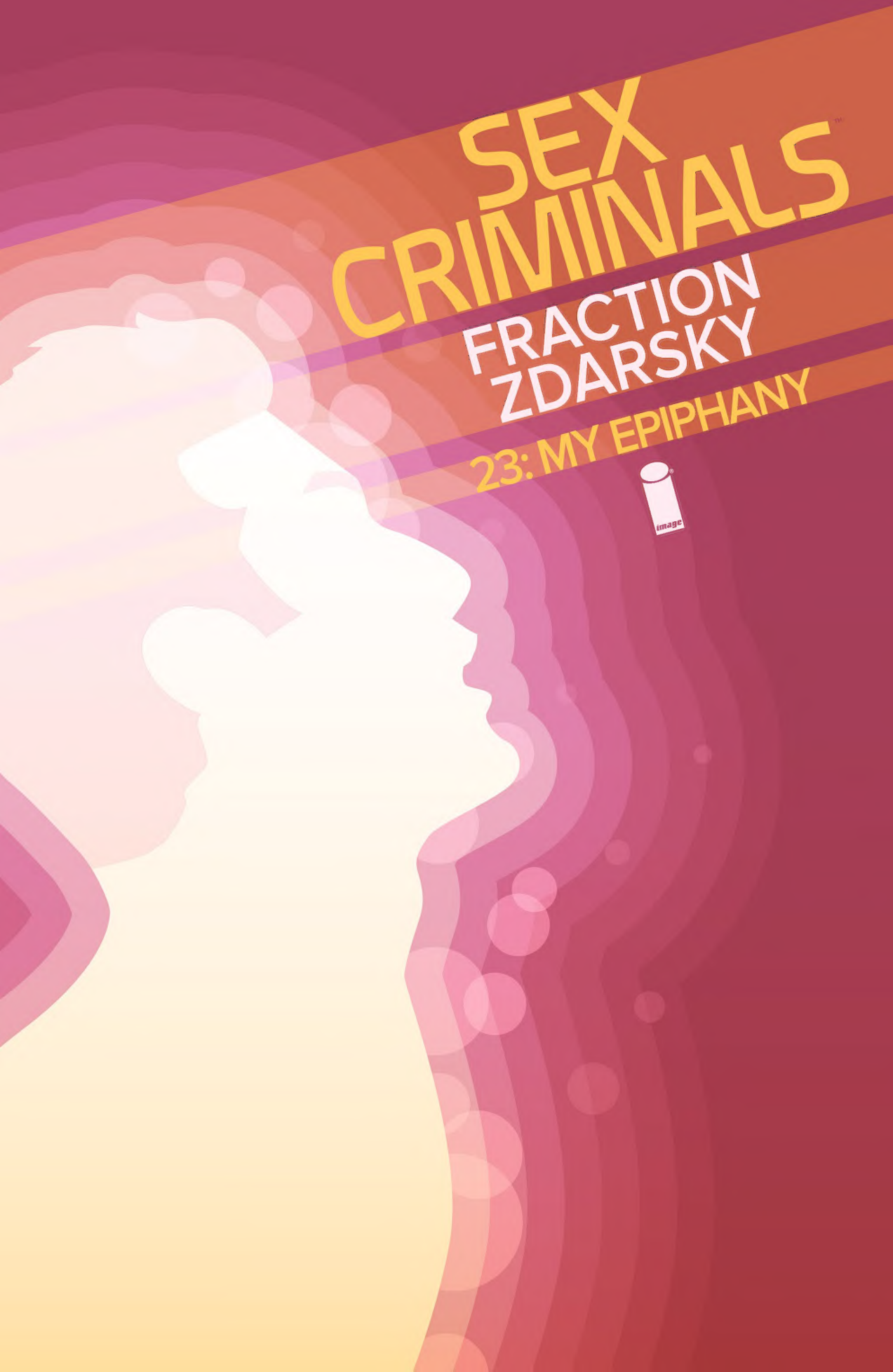
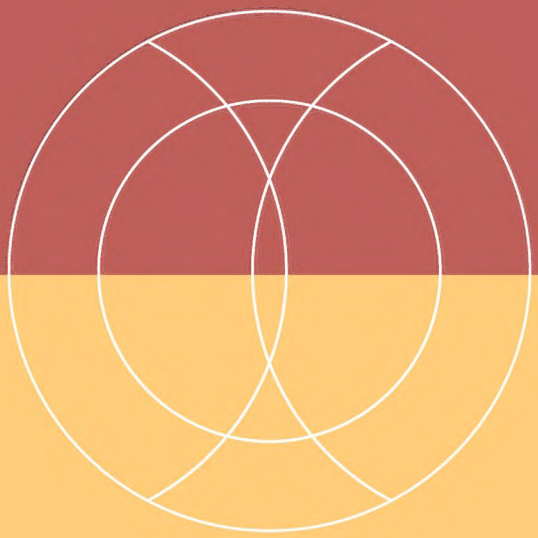
SEX CRIMINALS

FRACTION
ZDARSKY

23: MY EPIPHANY



PREVIOUSLY IN SEX CRIMINALS



We did a VERY fun "PREVIOUSLY IN" page to the tune of *"Livin' On A Prayer"* by Bon Jovi.

MATT FRACTION
CHIP ZDARSKY

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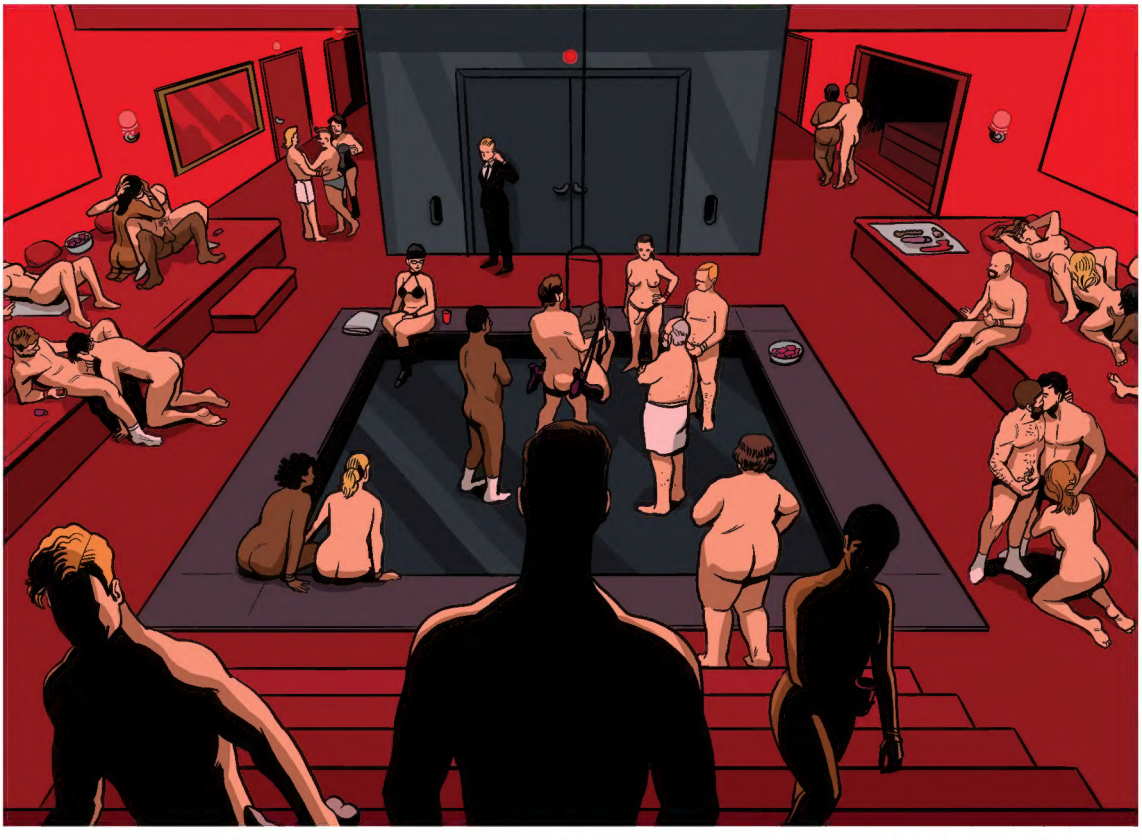
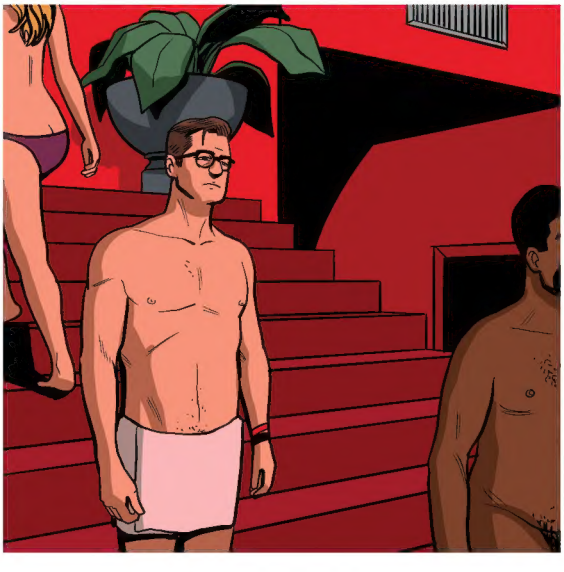
In loving memory of John Francis Bongiovi (1962-2008)

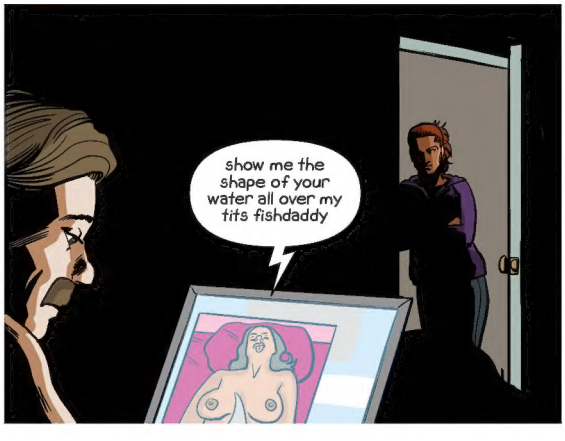




Ohhh.... boy.
Boy oh boy oh boy.
Nope, nope.
Nope.

MOM
EATS
DICKS

nnng


show me the shape of your water all over my tits fishdaddy

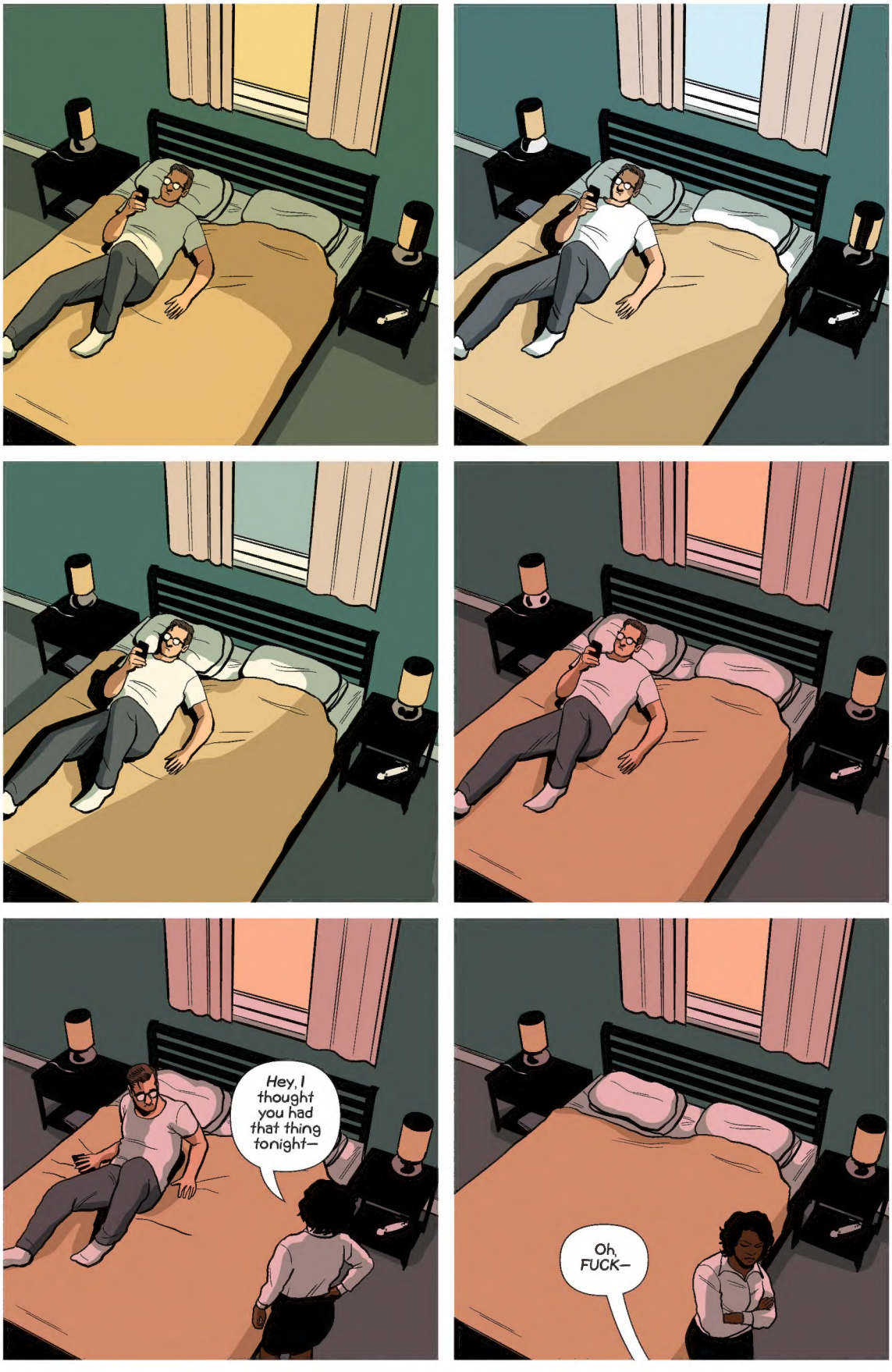
"Hey, sorry to interrupt..."

Hey, where's the nearest bus line? My phone's dead and my —
— I didn't drive and she's still, uh.
In there.
THE MENU

WEED PUN
...Jesus, these things have like zero battery life...
The Fancy Alcoholi

Zuh?
Sorry, sorry, I didn't want to wake you.

No, no, 's okay.
Didn't realize you got back.
I haven't yet. I just am.
Why are you whispering?
I don't know. It's more exciting this way.
Good night?
Eh, all right. Kind of a sausage party up in there and I was in the mood for muffins.
Get it?
Like lady muffins.
Vaginas.
I wanted to fuck girls.
...uh-huh.
Like mouth-fuck 'em. With my face.
Okay well, you wake up, have some coffee, have a good day.
I'll see you tonight.
...mm.
Yeah, okay.
Hey, I got that thing tonight I gotta do so...
So uh...


Hey, I thought you had that thing tonight—
Oh, FUCK—

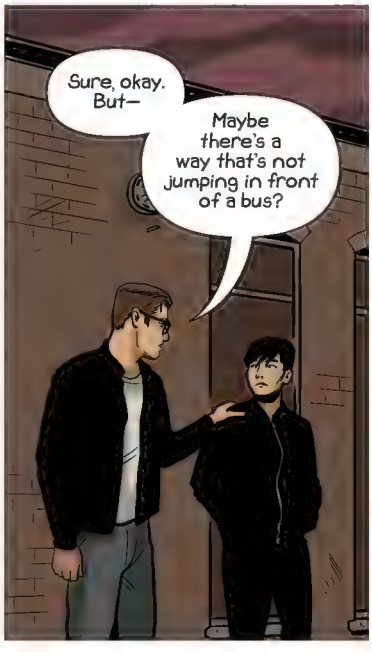
Fuck fuck I'm sorry I'm sorry—
METAL
CHRISTIAN
No, no, it's cool, I have literally nothing better to do than freeze my ladynuts off on Muffler Row waiting around for your ass.

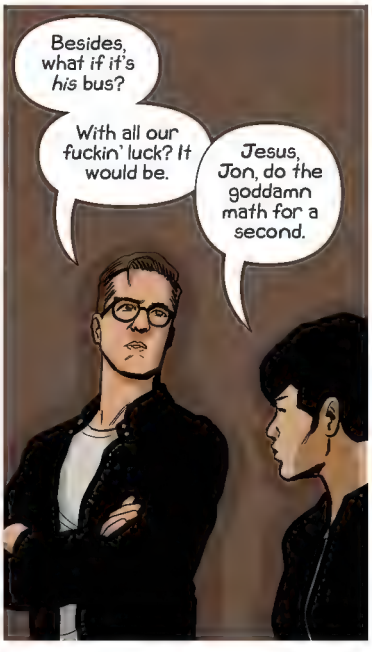
The fuck you want from me, Alix? I said sorry, I'm here, I—
—I know, I know, you're doing the best you can.

I'm a little torqued up, is all.
Not every night I get hit by a goddamn bus.

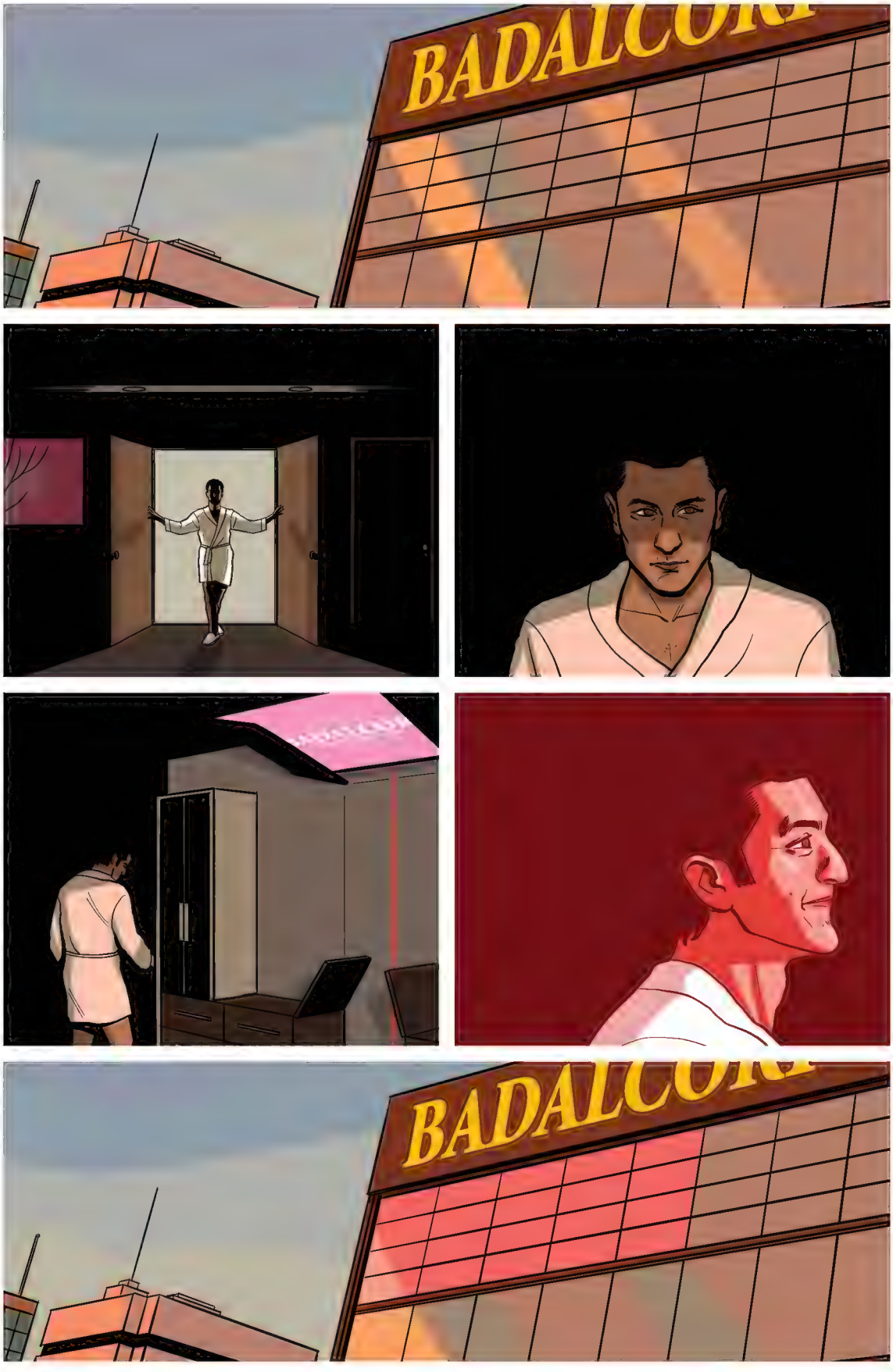
Look, Alix, I know I'm king of the fucked-up plan-having, but this is even fucked up for me.
You don't have to do this. We can figure out another way.

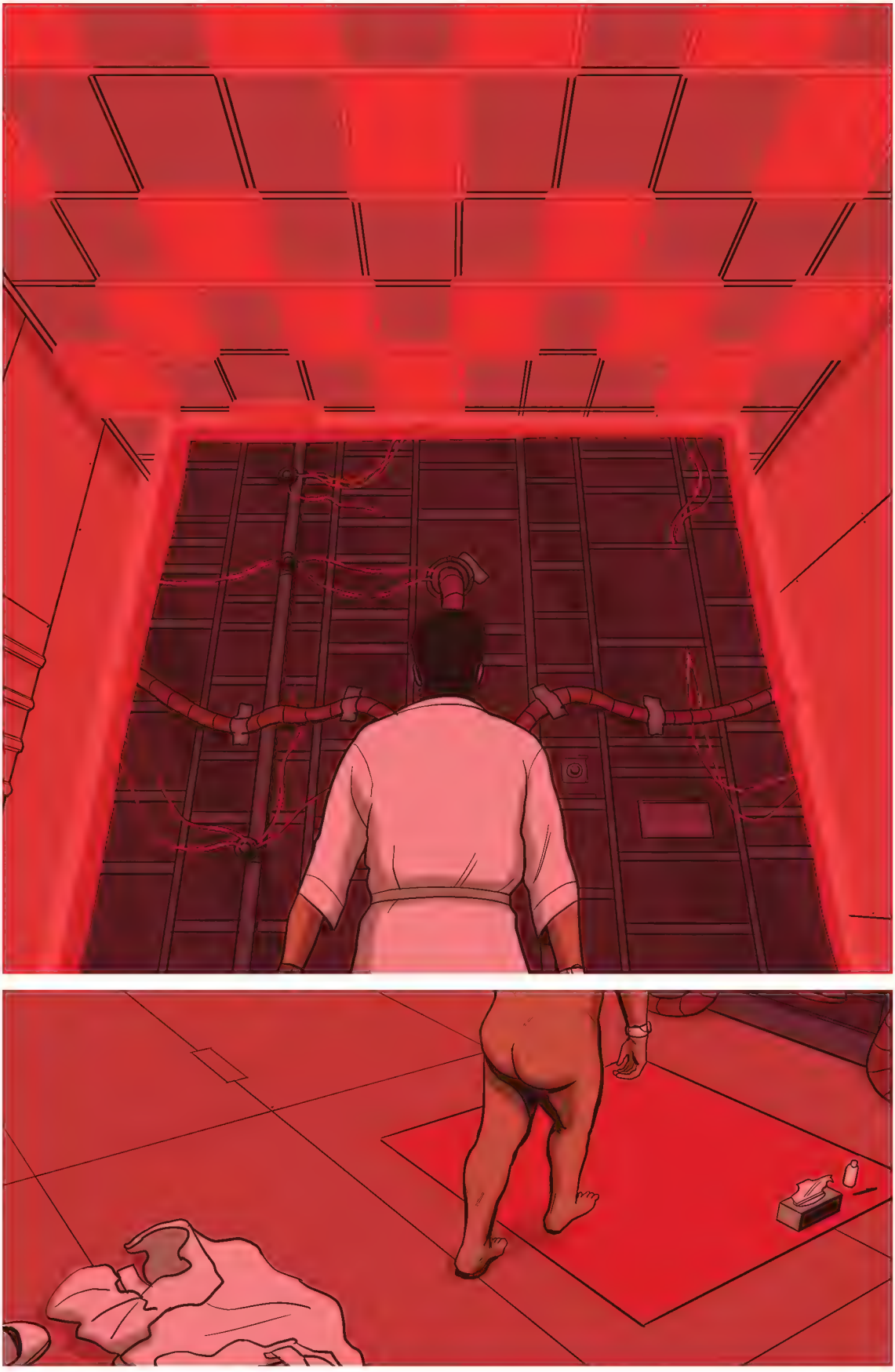
No, no, it's okay. It's gonna be fine. I know it is.
I know how this works. You have to get off and I have to have a, like—
—like a crazy adrenaline surge that *doesn't* require jumping off a building.


Sure, okay. But—
Maybe there's a way that's not jumping in front of a bus?


Besides, what if it's *his* bus?
With all our fuckin' luck? It would be.
Jesus, Jon, do the goddamn math for a second.

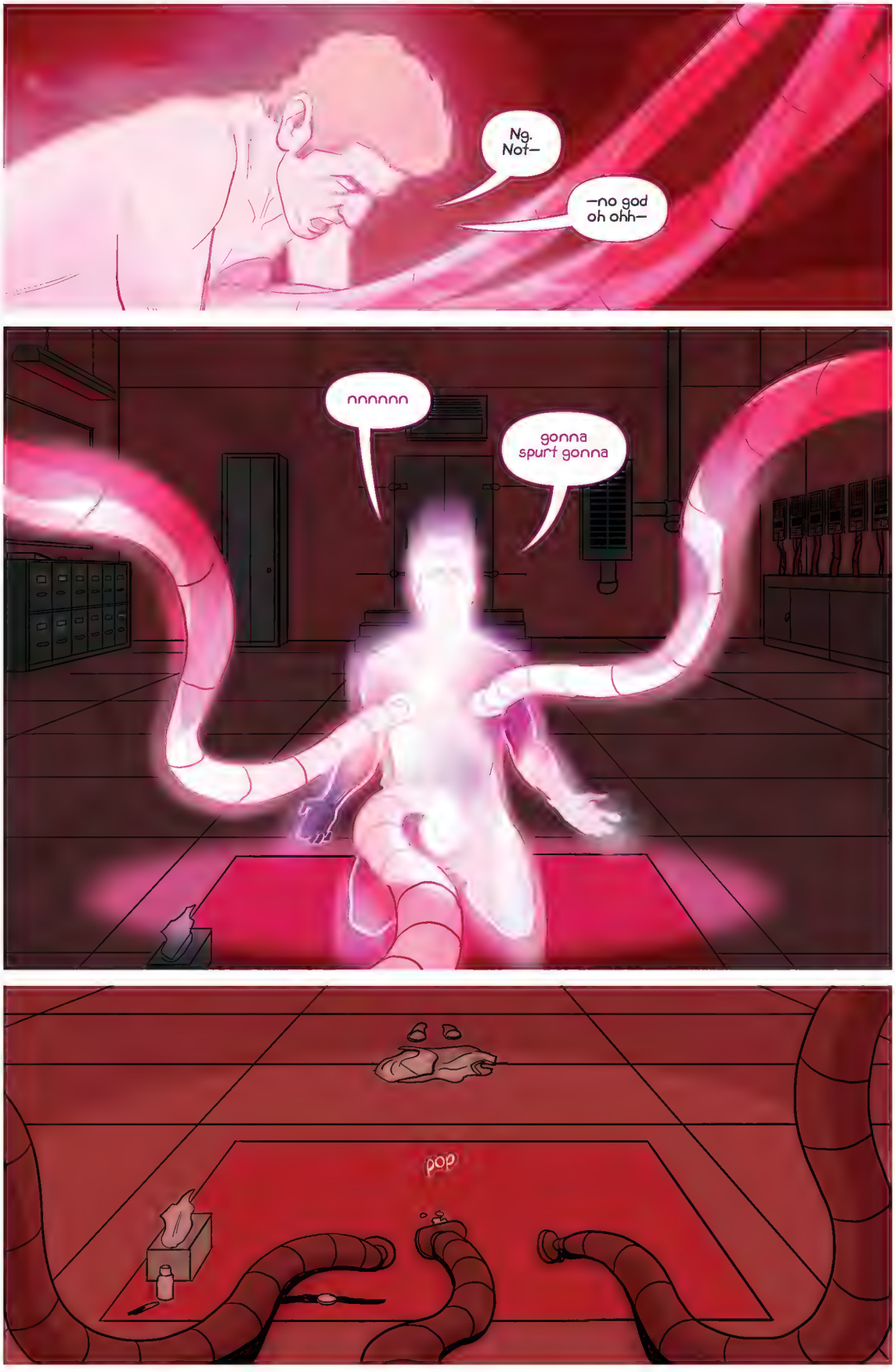
Ninety-two bus routes in this goddamn town.
Six hundred and ten buses.
And you're saying that we, at random, will pick his.
... Yeah, no, okay. I know. I think his route is over by the Fairway anyhow.
I saw him there one time with...
The fuck you say?
...nothing.
Shit.
Shit shit shit.
Alix...
Jon.
Badal's an asshole. He doesn't control the whole fucking world. You gotta stop ascribing him magical super-powers.
Okay?
Now say it with me, chum:
68B MUFFLER ROW
FUCK YOU KUBER BA—


BADALCO
BADALCO



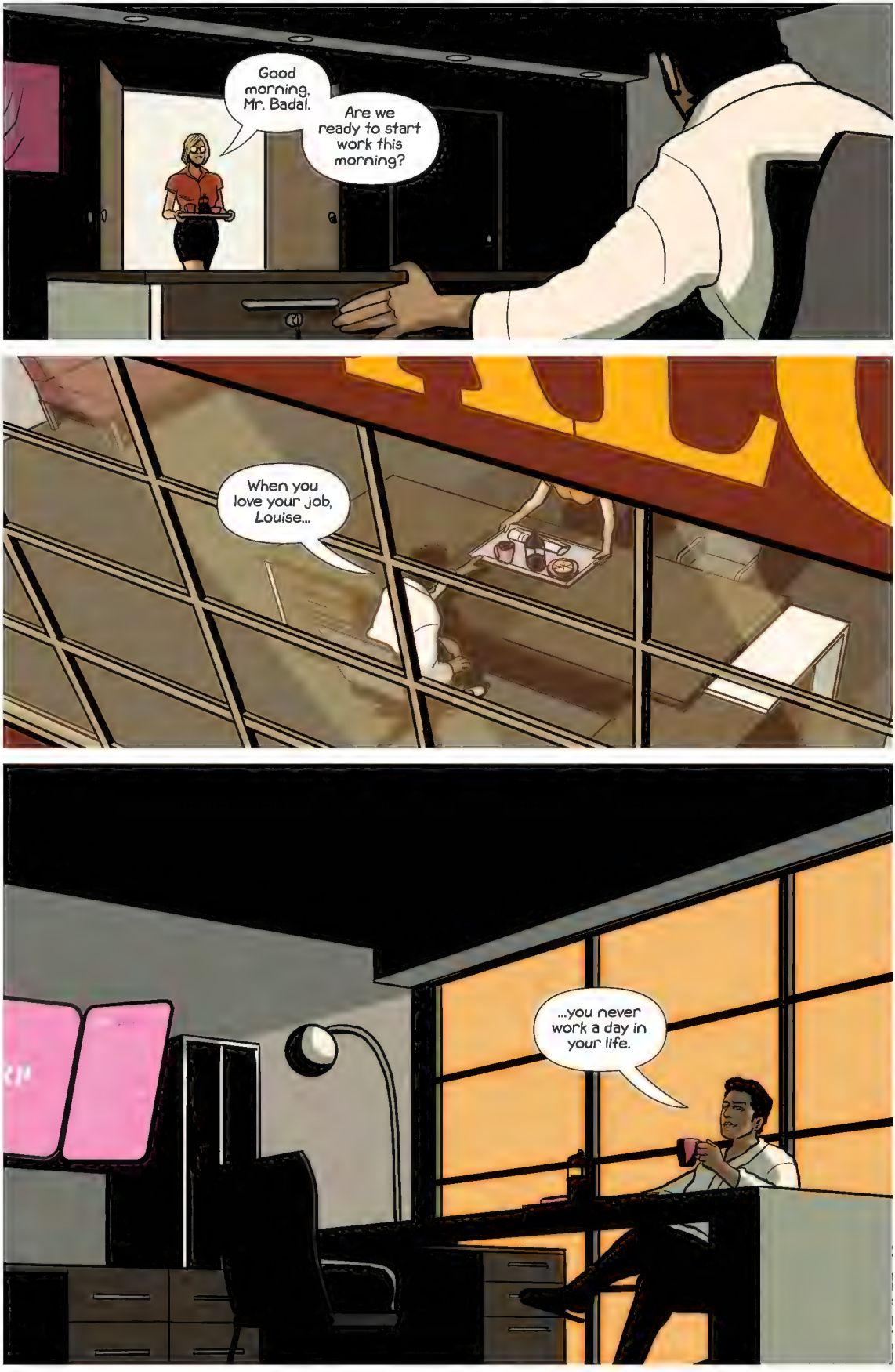
ffsssssshhhhhh
fumpt
fumpt
bddfoo

tak
FSSSSHHHH
HHHHHHHHHHHHHH
HHHummpppt
Aahhhh.
Haahh.
Mmm.


Ng.
Not—
—no god
oh ohh—
nnnnnn
gonna
spurt gonna
pop

Hhhhhhhhu uuuuuuuuugg ggggg cckk—
pop
huck
Ghh. Gohh.
God.
Fuh.
Five.
Six.
Okay. Six.
Okay.
P.. uh... PRN... 82...
Uh..
OVT 71J 74.8
AKZ 18
PRN 82
Shortie

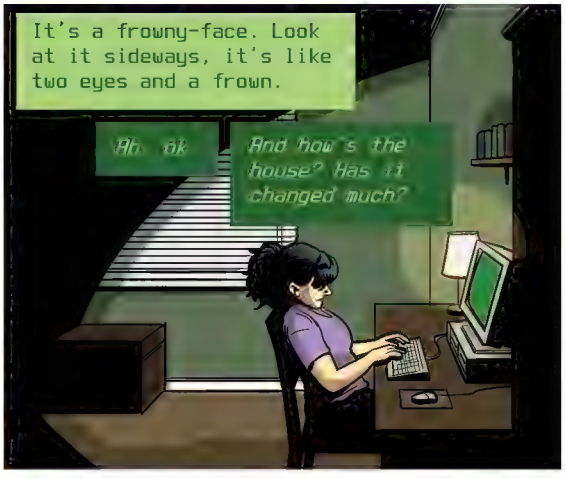
We're buying OVT at 71.1. Short it at 74.8.
That's correct.
AKZ. Liquidate at 19.
Yes.
Now, let's talk futures.
Short futures.
Of course I know the risks.
Six minutes.
Christ, it feels longer.
So much fucking longer.

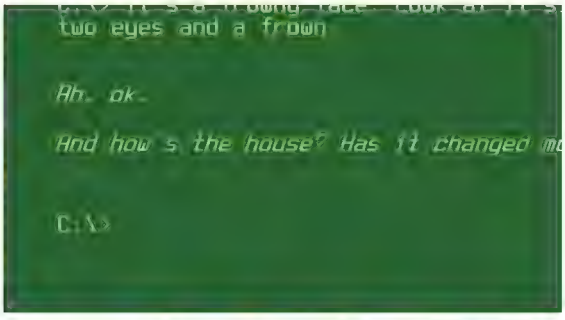

Good morning, Mr. Badal.
Are we ready to start work this morning?
When you love your job, Louise...
...you never work a day in your life.

—Hang on—
—not seem to find it anywhere and—
—Okay—
—I tried the computer, and the card catalog, and I even sort of wandered near other books like it hoping—
—Tell you what, do you know the title?
No.
Who wrote it?
Uh...
What was it about?
I haven't read it. I don't know.
What was the subject?
Literature.
It was *about* literature? Like, literary criticism?
No, I'm saying, it *was* literature. I don't know what it was about.
Fictional literature.
...Ohhhhh kay.
What was... on the cover?
It was... blue?
Maybe orange.
Definitely some white?
Jonathan Livingston Seagull.
Yes!
I'm lovin' it.

The car situation gets sticky every now and again, but in another few months of building my savings back up I should be able to at least buy a beater to get around.
What's a beater?

Like a shitty car.
LANGUAGE.
:(
I don't know what that means.


It's a frowny-face. Look at it sideways, it's like two eyes and a frown.
Ah. ok
And how's the house? Has it changed much?


two eyes and a frown
Ah. ok.
And how's the house? Has it changed
C:\>

Yes and no you'd be surprised.
SEXUAL CAKE

And mom is happy?
I think so.
She likes what she does.
She doesn't drink anymore.
Let Go and Let GOD
ASK ME ABOUT MY SEX-POSITIVE OUTLOOK ON RETIREMENT
JUICY CRONE ON BOARD
NA MASTE
FRODO LIVES
ONE DAY AT A TIME
Sometimes I think she went maybe a little too far into 12 step recovery territory but it seems to work for her so what do I know
And I love what I do, too, so really things are all pretty good.
Suzanne... about that
When things weren't working with your mom and me what I did was throw myself into work
mom and me what I did was throw myself into work
Stuff that wasn't even my job to do. I started doing to stay out of the house
I'm not proud of it and of course I'd do it differently if I could knowing what I know now... but that's not my point
What I sh
GODDAMN IT MOM, THE FUSE BLEW!

I'M SORRRRRRRRY!
Oh god AW'W GOD
I duh— I didn't—
Duh.
God.
Aw god.
I didn't—
I wasn't—
There wasn't anybody in the road or the street or—
I DON'T KNOW WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED!

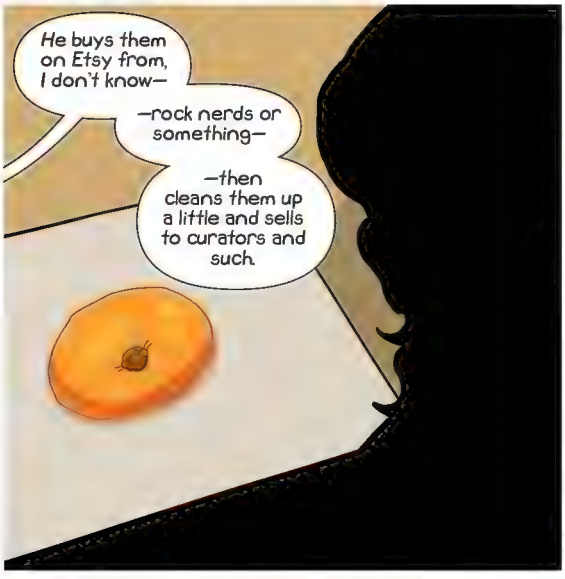
Keep it together. Keep it together.
You didn't hit anybody.
Anything. I think.
Maybe? There was—
I don't know, a sound?
Nothing on the bus, no marks.
No dent, no scratch, no blood—
No no no noooo—
—Hey.
You okay?

mm.
I was—
I had a—
Sorry, honey, sorry.
I was supposed to be familiar with the operational ins and outs of the new SuperNin Tender brand *Anaisillator of Venus*™ Pleasure Cruise Mega-Bench before my sales session tonight...
Goddamn thing keeps blowing fuses.
And you... put this...
on...
...your business?
It's great! And look!
It's Bluefooth!
connect to BuleCoach or Anais F
I don't know what the fuck to say.
Don't burn the house down with your electrified fuckhorse, mom.

It's really brilliant, see.

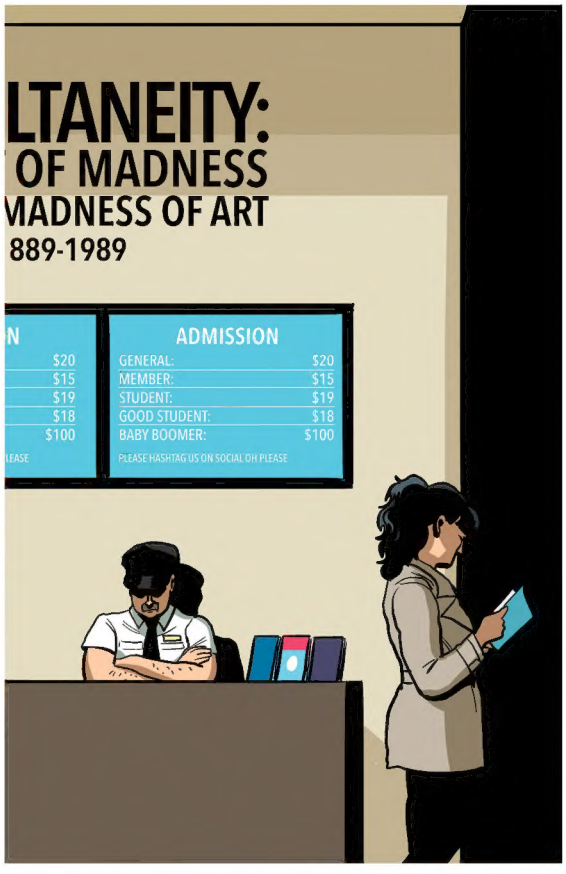
I mean, there's the statement of the thing, and then the, you know.
The "this-is-not-a-pipe" of it all.
I mean, they were all found, right? Not even—

Well, wait.
I thought they were sculpted. Constructed, at least, or conceived—
—Ha! What? No, no, god no.


He buys them on Etsy from, I don't know—
—rock nerds or something—
—then cleans them up a little and sells to curators and such.

"Curators."
One could say he's literally a curator's curator.
One... could.

What else is here?
What?
Who cares?
This is *literally* the only art show in town that matters right now.
Where are you going?



one cannot be removed from the other and we must accept, then, that the simultaneity of both agony and ecstasy go hand in hand, be it through the life and mind of Van Gogh, Munch, O'Keefe, Blake or Bosch.

And these works only hint at what kind of life awaited a more patient, understanding, compassionate world.

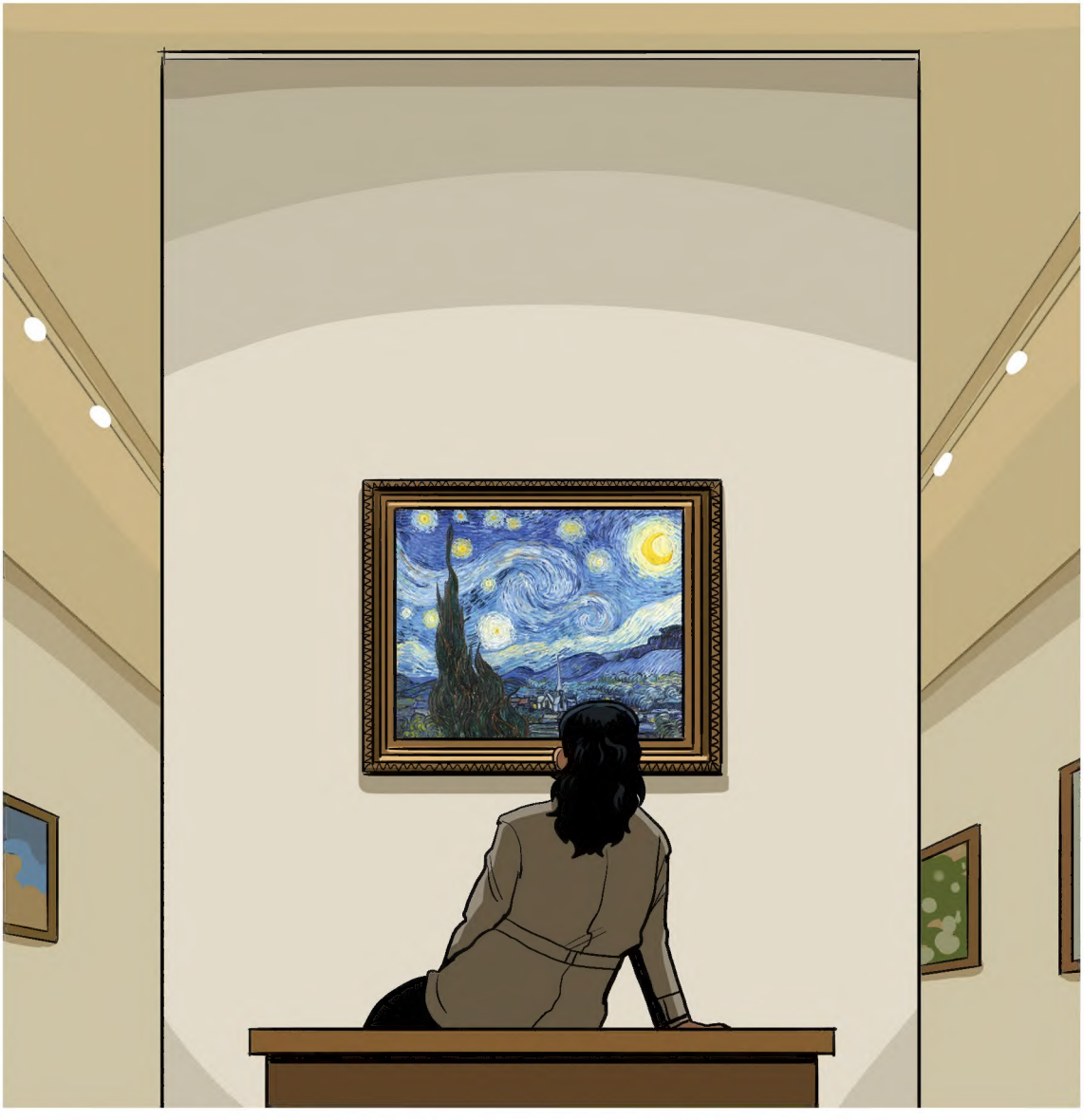
Let us close with the words of poet Robert Penn Warren, who addressed his own struggle to reconcile the sufferings of his youth with the traumatic ramifications of his adult life by creating some of the most beautiful poetry on the subject one may ever encounter, "as beautiful as a law of chemistry":

This

Is the process whereby the pain of the past in its pastness

May be converted into the future tense

Of joy.



And just like that.
Just like that, I knew what I had to do.

LETTER DADDIES

SEND YOUR THOUGHTS, SEXUAL QUESTIONS, AND TAINT DOODLES TO *EMAILTHESEXCRIMINALS@GMAIL.COM*.
YOUR TYPOS/SHAME ARE YOUR OWN AND WILL BE RUN AS RECEIVED.
ALL ASSUMED OK TO PRINT UNLESS STATED OTHERWISE.

GREAT NEWS SEX CHUMS BECAUSE THIS ISSUE WAS SO LOOOOOOOOOOOONG (GO AHEAD COUNT I CAN WAIT) WE ONLY HAVE ONE PAGE FOR LETTERS WHICH IS MAYBE IRONIC AS LAST MONTH(ISH) WE ONLY HAD ONE LETTER? I FAKED THE ONE FROM "STEVE M." SORRY SEX CHUMS I WILL NEVER LIE TO YOU AGAIN EVERY OTHER LETTER HAS BEEN REAL EACH AND EVERY ONE WHEW I FEEL BETTER HAVING THAT OFF MY CHEST ANYWAY LETTERS

•

Friends have always joked that my brain is a computer. My hunger for data knows no bounds. And when I was in middle school, data about sexual topics was in short supply. How often did people jack off? At what age did the guys around me start producing cum? How many times do guys get boners on any given day? It was that last question that led me to create The Boner Tally.

The concept was simple: For one day of school, every time I got a boner, I'd take out a little folded-up piece of paper and make a tally mark. Sort of like Zsasz from Batman, but for boners. And I carried through with it.

Of course, the resulting data was skewed -- I definitely didn't usually get 28 boners over the course of a single day. The process of physically taking out that piece of paper and making a tally while sitting in a crowded room proved to be strangely erotic, playing to an exhibitionist side that 13-year-old me didn't realize I had. There was also the added eroticism of letting select few boys in on the secret and hiding it from the girls (who says chivalry is dead?). That only made things seem even more taboo and played to the fact that I was attracted to guys, which I wouldn't even realize for another 8 years.

So, I guess it was a failure in the sense that I never got an accurate data sample. But I didn't care, because what I got instead was a relatively safe form of unintentional homoerotic exhibitionism, which just so happens to be one of the few things that can override my programming.

Tally D.

CAN I JUST SAY THAT THE FAKE STEVE M. LETTER LAST ISSUE — AND I PROMISE THIS WILL BE THE LAST TIME I BRING IT UP — I DID IT TO AVOID TALKING ANY MORE ABOUT PAINFUL STUFF. I — AS MY THERAPIST HAS TAUGHT ME — DEFLECTED TO AVOID THE DIFFICULT THING. AND NOT JUST MY DIFFICULT THING, YOURS, MINE AND OURS. I NEEDED TO SHUT THE LETTERS DOWN FOR THE MONTH AND DIDN'T WANT TO MAKE FUN OF ANYONE-SLASH-ANY ACTUAL READERS. THAT WAS REALLY THE POINT YOU GUYS. THERE'S TONS OF LETTERS AND LOTS OF THEM ARE VERY FUNNY, BUT I DIDN'T WANT TO BE MEAN TO Y'ALL? I FEEL LIKE I MADE A BAD CHOICE, OR A DISHONEST ONE ANYWAY. HOW DO YOU DO THE MATH TO RECONCILE THE DIFFERENCE BETWEEN A BAD HONEST CHOICE AND A GOOD UNTRUTHFUL CHOICE? DID I MAKE THE RIGHT DECISION?

HERE'S THE THING, THIS PLACE, THESE PAGES, THEY'RE SO MUCH MORE THAN ANYTHING CHIP OR I COULD HAVE EVER COME UP WITH. YOUR HONESTY AND OPENNESS AND HILARIOUS STORIES AND PAINFUL STORIES AND REAL STORIES ARE THE BEST THING ABOUT DOING THIS DUMB BOOK AND, SOMEHOW, IT DOES ME GOOD TO KNOW THAT IF I GOT HIT BY A BUS Y'ALL WOULD CARRY ON STICKING YOUR DICKS OF TRUTH INTO THE MASS OF HAIR THAT IS THE DISCOURSE.

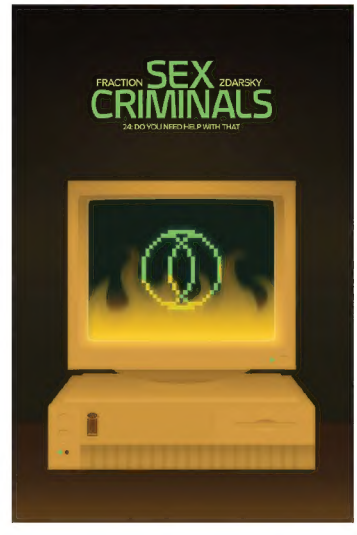
STILL, I FEEL LIKE I VIOLATED SOME SORT OF SANCTITY YOU'VE ALL BUILT WITH YOUR HONESTY HERE AND I'M SORRY IF YOU FEEL THAT, TOO.

SO! LETTERS. OH SHIT OUT OF SPACE

wait a second "steve m" ...
my real name is steve murray
you son of a— -CZ

NEXT TIME!

BIG STUFF HOO BOY IT'S KINDA CRAZY REALLY AND WE'LL MAYBE EVEN PRINT SOME LETTERS



FOR MATURE READERS DUH

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YOU HAVE TO BE THREE BATMANS HIGH TO GET ON *THIS* RIDE, KID